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hands, he determined to sell his life as dear as possible. Thus did he combat on, the soldiers doing their utmost to take him, and death being the reward of those who attempted it.

A herculean officer now approached, boasting how soon he would make the traitor surrender. Dashing the spurs into his charger, one bound brought him almost on top of M'Murchad, and his double-edged sabre flew within an inch of his head. Then turning his horse again, he caught the crest of M'Murchad's helmet; in this position he was entirely in the power of the "guardsman," who was greeted for his capture by a loud shout from his comrades; but M'Murchad, by a dexterous spring, loosed himself from the gripe of his enemy, and sprung up behind him on his war-steed, shortened his sword in his hand, and a powerful thrust laid the officer dead in his own saddle, and made M'Murchad master of the strongest and fleetest horse in his enemies' army, who all stood as if they had been spell-bound. M'Murchad, taking advantage of the surprise and fear that appeared visible in the countenances of all the soldiers around, dashed the spurs into his prize, soon effected an opening among his enemies, and fled fleetly along the plain. Though darkness favoured his flight, fate seemed against him; his pursuers, roused from their fear by the voice of the King of Ireland, were again close upon his heels. He was in the act of leaping a high wall, when a shaft from one of them laid his brave steed dead. This was, indeed, the severest blow that could be inflicted on M'Murchad, but there was no time to think; so clambering over the wall the best way he could, he got behind some furze, with which the place abounded. Here he could hear his pursuers galloping rapidly in the direction in which he was; their shouts rang fearfully in his ears, as they were borne along by the night wind. They were now close to him, coming down like a mountain torrent; there was a tremendous clang of sabre-scarbards against spurs, ringing of chains, bridle-bits—a confused hum, and then a total silence. M'Murchad knew there was a halt, for the stone wall had stopped them in their career. Favoured by darkness M'Murchad fled, and escaped to England, thence he went to Normandy, where Henry the Second was; and his subsequent history is too well known to need a repetition.ⁿ

T. A. G.—M—N.

THE ABANDONED.

"No; pleasures, hopes, affections gone;
The wretch may bear, and still live on,
Like things within the cold rock, found
Alive, when all's conjealed around."—MOORE.

Why is that languid eye unlit with hope?
And why that listlessness of aspect worn?
Is there within no thought of pride to stir
The soul's quick tumult—to awake its fires;
No passionate feeling, from whose kindling power
The face becomes irradiate. Alas!
Foul treachery has been at work; and guile,
Accursed guile hath wreaked this mischief dark.
Is there no thunderbolt of vengeance, winged
With most abiding wrath, to strike with fire,
And pain unyielding, and intensest heat
The base and perjured one who wrought the deed!
No voice of execration dire to blast,
With accent meet, remorse's keenest pang,
To raise and sting the recreant's soul with fears,
Dreadful and deep, as are the woes he gives;
And shall he not, for that despairing grief,
Which, like the fever-flame, consumes an heart,
Too weak and gentle to abide its force,
Be given to feel a punishment as strong?
Shall not each tear in judgment rise against him,
E'en as the primeval martyr's blood to heaven?
Shall not each sigh become a furnace-breath,
Burning hereafter with volcanic heat
Unquenchable; and fraught with utter ruth!
Victim of guile! and is thy lot thus desolate?
Though meek-eyed resignation fain would beam

From out each glassy orb—its light is faint,
Like the dim taper's ray, when in some pile
Of ancient ruins, from afar it shines;
The child of gentle impulse—innocent mirth;
Whose laugh was music, and whose smile was peace—
Is changed, and fearfully. The maid is changed:
Where is her voice of welcome, like the sigh
Of winds that blow through summer's golden bowers?
'Tis quelled in silence; in its stead remains
The look of agony—the gaze of tears;
Nor do they flow, as though their source was full—
But few, and burning, as though life itself
Came forth in each; as though each falling drop
Was blood-distilled from out her broken heart.
There is a perfidy to friends—to man,
When social compact, or when private tie
He breaks, to further his ambitious plans;
But this, the consummation of that guilt
Whereby weak woman, who looks up towards him,
As the fond child unto the parent's care,
Is left undone, heart-withered, and betrayed;
Is twice condemned—is more than doubly wicked;
Dishonour, cruelty, deceit, neglect,
Combine to perfect this especial crime.
Triumph thou false one! while thine hour is fair;
There will be moments when the gall of wrath
Shall parch thy vitals; when the writhing pangs
Of fiery conscience, and the icy-grasp
Of chill despair shall each thy soul torment.
Thou shalt be wretched—keenly, deeply wretched;
And for the mental murder thou hast wrought,
Ten thousand darts, with fiery poison tinged,
Shall pierce thy soul—nor shall its pains expire;
No; they shall live with thee—be thine existence;
While the poor martyr, whom thou'st given to bleed,
With all her wounds, in heavenly balsam steeped,
Shall taste the plenitude of sacred bliss.
For though her spirit falsehood's arm hath crushed,
She can forgive, and o'er the ruin smile;
Her hope is not of earth—she therefore prays,
While yet her glimmering ray of life is seen,
For him, the murderer of her joys and peace.
Calm be the setting of her lovely beam;
'Twas given to shine upon some brighter scene,
Which oft, amid the desert wastes of life,
Like to the Oasis of Afric's clime,
Delights the traveller on his painful way.

R. G. M.

ANECDOTE OF STRONGBOW AND HIS SON.

When Strongbow was marching to Wexford, through the barony of Idrone, to relieve Fitzstephen, he was briskly assaulted by O'Rian and his followers; but O'Rian being slain by an arrow, shot at him by Nichol the monk, the rest were easily scattered, and many of them slain. It was here that Strongbow's only son, a youth about seventeen years old, frightened with the numbers and ululations of the Irish, ran away from the battle, and made towards Dublin; but being informed of his father's victory, he joyfully came back to congratulate him; the severe general, however, having first reproached him with cowardice, caused him to be immediately executed, by cutting him off in the middle with a sword. So great an abhorrence had they of dastardliness in those days, that, in imitation of the old Romans, they punished it with a severity which, how commendable soever it may be in a general, was nevertheless unnatural in a father.

EPITAPH ON STRONGBOW, EARL OF CHEPSTOW, AND HIS SON, IN CHRIST CHURCH, DUBLIN.

"Nate ingrati mihi pugnantis terga dedisti
Non mihi sed genti Regno quoque terga dedisti."

DUBLIN:

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